

THE MARYVILLE TIMES.

May God speed the cylinders of an honest, intelligent, aggressive, Christian printing press, the mightiest agency on earth for good.—TALMAGE.

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MARYVILLE, TENN., THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1885.

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24-17r

AT ANCHOR MILLS.

IF.

If I were a tiny blade of grass,
Any could sit in the sun and grow.
The scythe in the mower's hand would pass,
And I should be laid in the shining row.
Would I better my lot to change? No, No.

If I were a silken leaf, to grow
In the summer and smooth soft rain.
There would come a time of cold and snow;
My spring would never return again.
Would I better my lot to change? No, No.

If I were a little bird that sings
Where the reeds and meadow-lilies show,
The cunning Fowler might clip my wings—
I could not sing from my lilies so.
Would I better my lot to change? No, No.

If I had a little more to hope;
And hope failed then—I would have more woe.
Is better the garden's bloom should open
Just one by one, Would you have them blow
Into perfect flowers in a night? No, No.

I am glad it is as it is to-day,
For what is, is best, if we could but know
The wisdom which answers some prayers—Nay,
Nay.

As the years may come, so let them go!
Is our way better than God's? No, No.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

The 14th of July, Liberty Day—
The Theaters—Fireworks.

Visit to the Manufacture of Tapestry and
Carpets—Museums.

The 14th of July, the great celebration day of the French, as the 4th is for us—only more enthusiastically celebrated—offered a feast for me, and I attempted to see all that was to be seen; but, of course, in this I fell far short of the mark. We made a preliminary excursion, on the 13th, into some parts of the city where we could not be on the 14th, in order to see the decorations. On the "Place de la Republique" is a beautiful monument of the Republic, and this was nicely decorated for illumination on the next eve, and around it floated large flags on poles about 75 feet high; and, in fact, the whole city was red, white and blue, with flags floating from windows, roofs, and special poles. Such a display of flags I had never before seen. From there we went to the "Place de la Bastille," the site of the famous prison of that name. It was the destruction of this prison, on the 14th of July, 1789, which is taken as the symbol of the triumph of liberty, it being the beginning of the "Reign of Terror" inaugurated by the revolutionists. Here has since been erected a fine column, called the "Colonne de Juillet" (Column of July), of bronze, 13 feet in diameter and 154 feet high, and surmounted by a fine large figure representing liberty. We ascended this, and had a splendid view of the city.

Well, on the next day I missed the grand review of the soldiers and boy-cadets, as I arrived too late; but the crowd was immense during the whole day, it being in some places very difficult to pass through. All the theaters and operas gave free entertainments at 1 P. M. All these places were, of course, full to overflowing, and thousands were turned away unable to gain entrance. At the Grand Opera fully 1,000 were turned away. The crowd waiting to gain admission began to collect at 1 A. M., 12 hours before the entertainment, and, strange to say, I succeeded in getting in without being there more than 10 minutes before the opening of the doors. The piece given here was *William Tell*, which was chosen, I suppose, on account of its being a representation of the struggle for liberty. The scenery was splendid, especially the representation of Gessler and Tell on the lake during the storm. I had time to get home for supper after this performance closed, and then I went to one of the four points where fireworks were displayed. There was an immense throng, the illumination was beautiful—the finest I ever saw—and the fireworks, about \$4,000 worth, were all disposed of in 30 minutes. The chief piece—the death of Victor Hugo—and two bouquets, were especially fine. At a number of places there was dancing nearly all night, &c., on the squares and streets. We watched them a half hour or so at one point and returned at 11 or 11:30

and got in our little bed, thinking that the best place to be.

The next afternoon we visited the famous manufactory of tapestry and carpet. We first visited the exhibition rooms and afterward the work-rooms, which latter affords a very interesting sight. It is wonderful how they work such beautiful pictures, almost as perfect as paintings, without the unpleasant glare of the latter; some of them are very beautiful. With the tapestry, the workman works from behind the perpendicularly stretched threads, having his variously colored yarns, and behind him the picture he is to reproduce. The prominent lines of the picture, and all radical changes in coloring are marked on the threads, but all the niceties of shading the artist must make with the aid of his eye. With the carpets the general plan is the same, yet the workman sits in front of his work. Some pieces in the looms will require 12 to 15 years for completion, so tedious is the work. This factory has existed since the time of Louis XIV., and is the most celebrated in the world. Its articles never come into the market, but are reserved for the royal family, as presents for the illustrious of France and of other nations, for the public buildings and museums.

From there we went to the "Musée du Luxembourg," which is a museum of paintings, sculpture, drawing and engraving of living authors. It contains some fine pictures and sculptures, but not a very great collection of fine works, as the best are removed to other museums about 10 years after the death of the respective authors. Monday afternoon I went out to St. Dennis, 4½ miles, and visited the Cathedral, which was the royal burying place of the French kings and royal families. The tombs have been despoiled a number of times, so that only a few of the remains are now in the church, but their memory is preserved by monuments surmounted by life-sized, recumbent figures in marble of the deceased. A chapel was first erected here in 275 A. D. It was different times changed and rebuilt and is intimately connected with the history of France. Charlemagne, Clovis, and in fact nearly all of the kings from Dagobert I., who died in 638, are, or have been, buried here.

We have nearly made the tour of the most important things, yet have several to see for the first time. If I remain here I will make a second trip to several of the things, especially to the "Louvre," which is, in itself, a perfect labyrinth of museums. I have visited this place already six or seven times and I have yet a large number of rooms to visit.

T. L. N.

A SERIOUS MISTAKE.

On last Saturday, while in attendance upon the Baptist Association at Piney Level Church, Col. A. J. Neff was taken ill with symptoms of Pneumonia. He was conveyed to his home in Maryville. A number of doses of quinine was administered during Saturday night, and on Sunday, about 1:30, p. m. called for more quinine. His little daughter Nellie heard the request and started for the quinine. It had been placed under the clock, on a small bracket, but by some means a package of arsenic had been placed there, and in reaching for the quinine procured the arsenic. Opening the paper in her hand she took it to her father, from which he took about ten grains. He remarked at the time that it had a peculiar taste, but paid no more attention to the matter until he was taken violently ill and commenced vomiting. The package was then examined and the mistake discovered. Medical aid was at once summoned and an emetic administered. The evil effects were partially counteracted. Considerable suffering has been the result of the mistake. It is to be hoped that the danger is past, but owing to the slowness of the action of arsenic, the result cannot be given.

THUNDER HEAD.

A Pleasant Trip and an Ocean of Scenery.

A party of three, containing a lawyer, a school teacher and a cultivator of Florida's well-known fruit, the orange, left Maryville Tuesday morning, the 4th inst, for a trip over the mountains to the famous and stately peak called Thunderhead. Why it is so called I am not able to state, unless because it lifts itself among the clouds where scarcely an hour goes by that thunder is not heard, and from whose height one can stand and watch the elements spend their force in the valleys beneath.

The party made twenty-six miles of their journey the first day and camped on Laurel Creek at the farther base of Scott Mountain, where a halt was made until Friday morning. On Thursday a representative of the TIMES joined the party and a fourth profession was represented.

Like most new mountain explorers, the awfulness of the lofty peaks and the deep and somber shades of the ravines caused a buoyancy of spirit and excited ambition to reach the highest spot by an inch, without stopping to calculate the physical exertion necessary for so long a journey.

The first evening after the whole party had gathered around the tent a cheerful fire was built, around which we sat, sang songs of rather a cheerful and sentimental nature, related each such tales as the occasion called forth. We will not expatiate upon the first few meals, for sufficient dainties of home larders still remained in store. We will later in our account dwell briefly upon the fare of a mountaineer's life; we will only say that owing to early training the representative of the TIMES was by common consent elected cook, no small honor upon such an expedition. In the mean time an informal hunt and fish was indulged in by different members of the party, which succeeded in attracting some curiosity among the inhabitants of the mountains.

We should have stated that at Laurel creek the wagon road ended and the remaining journey of six or eight miles was to be made along a trail, before the war, however, the trail was a passable wagon road in good condition for a mountain road. Friday morning, the 7th, a long, lean, lank man with red whiskers, we will call him Jones for short, with a yellow mule, was engaged to pack our tent and provisions up the steep ascent. Such a height, nearly 1600 feet rise to the mile. But up we started with guns, skillets, frying pans, trinkets and a bundle of lunch. The first mile of our journey was up a mountain stream that soaked our shoe leather into a pulp.

Up hill and down, but mostly up, up, chick, chick, chick, our staves sounded upon the stony bed as the muscles began to tell us our bodies themselves were heavy weights pulling us backward. After about two miles journey from our camping, to the left Thunderhead stood out in bold relief in all its grandeur, rising nearly 8000 feet above. We were compelled to follow the ridge of mountains in a circuitous route to the right. To our left was a deep chasm reaching across to the foot of Thunderhead, into which we fired several discharges from our guns. The echo came back two minutes later, and we could hear the roar among the mountains nearly five afterward. In this deep gulch the head waters of Little River come rushing down over boulders and through breaks, at first so small that an ox could drink it dry. The music and rush of the water heard beneath made us think that "no stream flows toward the sea without some heart is gladdened in its course." Three miles and not half way! The longest, dreariest, three miles I ever walked. An occasional sigh, a frequent rest, a huge boulder tipped over the steep descent broke the monotony of our upward journey. Five miles up! we

stopped and wiped the perspiration off our reddened faces.

The lean, lank, man and yellow mule, more accustomed to such an undertaking, were far ahead of us. A mountain spring! Did you ever enjoy the exhilarating influence of its water? It helped us on our way. The last mile or two was made and the welcome sight of Spence's cabin and feeding herds refreshed our tired and wearied limbs.

The first evening was spent in searching a spot upon which to locate our tent. The highest point on Thunderhead was chosen. The first night, however, was passed at the newly built cabin of Mr. Sparks, the genial herdsman, to whom we are indebted for many favors and many points of information. From him we listened to the stories of bear hunts, narrow escapes of explorers and sportsmen and a history of the herding business on the mountains.

Saturday morning our tent was pitched on Thunderhead two miles east of the cabin, from whence an ocean of scenery broke upon our sight. Along the ridge is the dividing line of Tennessee and North Carolina. To the north and west lay Cades Cove, to the north Tuckaleechee, to the right Wier's Cove, the whole length of each exposed to view, each stretching out like garden spots in a dense forest.

Our sight was unobstructed as far as the eye could span.

Thirty-two miles away lay Maryville, forty-eight miles in the distance the spires of Knoxville rise in sight; to the right lay Sevierville.

On the North Carolina side hundreds of mountain peaks stand out against the sky. These mountains are densely covered with timber, offering a most pleasing sight, so unlike the mountain scenery of the west whose peaks rise as barren spectres.

The sunrise! The sunset! The mist and clouds rising from the mountain stream! The thunderstorms are pictures too fantastic and magnificent in splendor to be described in our limited space, had we the power to do them justice. We leave that part of our story untold, or to the vivid imagination of the poet and painter.

During our stay an opportunity of catching mountain trout was not allowed to pass unimproved, about which some amusing account might be given, in search of so delicious game.

Sunday afternoon we had the benefits of a mountain rain and hail storm, from which our persons and luggage suffered much.

[to be continued.]

BASE BALL.

A Tedious Game Which Lasted Three Hours and a Half.

Saturday morning at 8 o'clock a number of citizens wended their way toward the College ball-ground to witness a game of ball between the Blues, of this city, and the C. C. C., of Crooked Creek. Arriving they sought the shade of the large oaks bordering the grounds, and made themselves comfortable.

The game was called at eight, but owing to the non-arrival of several members of the C. C. C., it was nine before the play began and five men then had to be substituted in the C. C. C.

"Phatty" Sharp took the stand as umpire, and he certainly did himself credit by his fair and impartial judgments.

The following is a list of the players and the position which they occupied;

Blues.	Position.	C. C. C.
Hoak	catcher	Wilkinson
B. Cates	pitcher	Cupp
B. Cates	1st base	Kearney
Arnsley	2nd "	Winnery
Hyden	3rd "	Clemens
Hyden	P. M.	P. Cupp
McKinney	P. M.	Nuckels
J. Cates	P. M.	Cooper.
D. Cates	P. M.	

At the end of the ninth inning the score stood, Blues, 36; C. C. C. 29; a score of 16 in favor of the Blues.

The aforesaid clubs will play for a prize next Saturday week.

The Blues will also play a picked nine next Saturday, composed of lawyers, preachers, county officials and loafers.

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